

American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
April 1927 NEWS "I Serve"





Etching by Vernon Thomas Kirkbride

Reprinted courtesy *The Woman Citizen*

Swinging in the Orchard

Edward Teschemacher

Swinging in the orchard, on the apple tree
While the sun is shining, merry folks are we—
On the ground the flowers softly kiss our feet,
And we nearly reach the stars in the skyland sweet.

Swinging high, swinging low—
Up and down we love to go!
Swinging high, swinging low—
Up and down we love to go.

Swinging in the orchard, while the glad birds sing,
Every one is happy, happy as a king!
When we are sleeping as the sun is low,
Far away together, in our dreams we go,

Swinging high, swinging low,
Into Slumberland we go!
Swinging high, swinging low,
Into Slumberland we go.

—From *The Canadian Red Cross Junior*, June, 1925

Grandmother sat near the fireplace giving little Martha her supper



Guen knelt on the hearthstone. There was an appetizing smell of supper

An Every-Day Story

Anna Milo Upjohn

MICHEL trudged home to supper. All day he had been forking heavy, slippery seaweed into carts. His arms and legs ached, but he had earned five francs. That would be something to tell Uncle Ives when he got back from his cruise to the Bay of Biscay.

The seaweed washed up on the beach by a month's storm was community property prized as fertilizer and bedding for live stock. The mayor had appointed a day for each family to gather its share and Michel had been hired by an absent citizen to harvest his part of the crop.

Looking at the sky, Michel was surprised to see a great mounting cloud which had not been there a few minutes before. As he opened the cottage door it was nearly jerked from his hand by a sudden gust. Dropping his wooden shoes at the threshold, he went into the kitchen in his felt slippers. His grandmother sat near the fireplace giving little Martha her supper. On the hearthstone knelt Guen. There was an appetizing smell of frying fish. Now and then a drop of rain jumped down the chimney and splashed into the pan, making a great sizzling. The wooden shutters banged out the last glimmer of twilight.

"Go out, Michel, and fasten them open," said grandmother. "We will keep the lamp in the window tonight."

"I am glad Uncle Ives got off the coast before the storm came," said Guen. "Don't you suppose the

Jeanot is in the Bay of Biscay by this time, grandmother?"

"God knows," sighed the old woman. She turned the fish in the pan and just then Josef came in, red-cheeked and muddy from a game of ball, and they all had supper.

That night, when Michel, sitting on Uncle Ives' sea-chest, pulled off his stockings, the storm was raging around the little stone house like a howling wolf. But the four children slept like dormice under their feather beds. Only grandmother, peering between her curtains, watched the flickering lamp all night long.

Michel had never been beyond the smell of the sea, and there was brine in his blood. He knew that sooner or later, he like his father and all his forebears, would become an Iceland fisherman. In fact, he lived for the day when he as *mousse*, or cabin boy, would take ship under his Uncle Ives for the Arctic Circle. For Michel lived in that part of Brittany called the Côte du Nord, and in the town of Paimpol.

Every March a fishing fleet sails from Paimpol for northern waters, to return in August for a few weeks' respite before starting for the Bay of Biscay, to buy salt for next year's catch. Toward September those who have not slipped forever into the silence of the North are back in their homes for the cozy winter months, there to make ready for a fresh voyage in the spring. But there are always some for whom there is only a tablet in the gray church

by the sea like the one for Michel's father: "Jules Karadoc, lost on the Iceland Coast." And under the darkened rafters hangs the model of many a brave little ship gone down.

For the people of Brittany storm and shipwreck are things of every day. They work and eat and sleep as usual, but the women, who do not go to sea, learn to sigh with the wind and to pray as they work.

The next morning, after Josef and Guen had gone off to school, Michel ran down to the beach for clams. The sun was shining again, the tide was out, and only the hanks of sea-weed and the driftwood flung high on the beach gave any sign of last night's storm.

Michel dug busily for clams, detecting their presence with the keenness of experience, and then with a full pail started homeward. As he skirted the town the clack of many wooden shoes hurrying over the cobbles caught his ear. A crowd was running through the streets. Full of curiosity, Michel ran too, heading for the central square.

The wooden shoes were still thumping in from all sides, but around the telegraph office pressed a silent group of women, the tragedy of the sea written on their faces. No one spoke. Only the rapid click of the operator's key came through the open door. Then a man appeared, holding high a bit of paper.

"Susanne Allanic," he called, and added quickly, "your man's safe!" Susanne, standing on the edge of the crowd with a baby in her arms, threw up her head, gave a cry, and broke into sobs.

"What's the matter?" asked Michel sharply, for Allanic was one of the *Jeanot's* crew.

"The *Jeanot's* gone down," said a woman breathlessly. "Four men are missing. We don't know who they are."

Michel stood stunned. The sunlight seemed suddenly wiped from the world. "The *Jeanot's* gone down! The *Jeanot's* gone down!" kept pounding through his brain. He knew he would have to tell his grandmother, and in just those words; he could think of no others. At the gate he met her. Her face was as white as his own, and he knew that she had heard.

"The *Jeanot*," he stammered, trembling.

"Yes," said his grandmother, "but Ives will telegraph," and she took the pail of clams and went

into the house to make the chowder for dinner.

They all knew now that last night's storm was but the spent end of a great tempest which had swept the coast from Spain northward, and that the *Jeanot* had gone on the rocks below the Bay of Biscay.

From obscure Spanish towns the belated telegrams kept coming in all that week. Three bodies had been washed ashore and eleven men were accounted for. Only Ives Karadoc was missing. Some sailors had come home with the story of the wreck. After the break up of the *Jeanot*, Ives had been seen clinging to a floating barrel. That was the last known of him.

The days dragged on, hollow and dark. People went back to their daily affairs and talked of other things than the wreck of the *Jeanot*. But in Michel's

home laughter had died away from the hearthstone. A knock or a strange step on the flags set all hearts beating, and every night the little lamp burned in the window.

"Ives has been picked up and taken to some far country," persisted grandmother. "We shall hear, we shall hear." But as the days went on and no word came she said it less often. And one morning Michel, finding her all in a heap near the fireplace, weeping, with her apron over her head, knew that she had lost hope.

But he could not give up, and with hot protest in his heart he started for the headland where they had all gathered to watch for the Iceland fleet when it had returned less than a month ago, the *Jeanot* leading, her sails agleam in the setting sun. And now the *Jeanot* had gone down! Why, she was as familiar

and friendly and dear as the kitchen itself! And Uncle Ives was such a jolly young uncle. The children adored him. This time last year they had begun to fill his sea chest for his first voyage with the Iceland fleet. Together they had saved their pennies to buy sweet, sticky ginger and chocolate and biscuits to tuck into the corners as surprises. Guen had knit socks and hemmed towels. Grandmother had made the underclothing. Together they had fashioned the tarpaulins which were to keep Uncle Ives dry in the worst of storms. Grandmother had cut and sewed them on the machine with three and four rows of stitching. Then they had been dipped in oil and the children had dragged them out to the hillside and spread them on the bushes to dry,



The bed in which Michel and Josef slept was built into the wall and heaped with bedding. It had handsomely carved sliding doors, left open to show the pretty chintz curtains

The Teacher's Guide

By RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The April News in the School

Nature Study:

To all who are watching Spring grow up, this issue brings pleasant features:

Two poems, "Swinging in the Orchard" and "Tree Planters."

An editorial, "Easter." Juniors who are interested in studying about traditions and meaning of Easter or in working up an auditorium program of Easter poems and songs can find help in *The Book of Easter*, edited by W. C. Doane, Macmillan, 1910, and *Easter*, compiled by Susan Tracy Rice, Moffat Yard & Co., New York, 1916.

"The Race." A loved old fable has been modernized in a manner to remind one of what Professor Erskine has done to Helen of Troy, except that the moral of our story is a bit broader.

"Beauty's Bloom." This May Day Health Play is the most refreshing one we have read anywhere for several years.

"Letters About Trees." Material with which the study of these letters may be followed up will be found in *Nature Myths and Stories*, by Flora J. Cooke, A. Flanagan Co., Chicago.

Character Education:

"The Race." If we were "little folks," so that we dared change the ending of true stories, we should make the defeated contestants better sports about congratulat-

ing Snail on a hard earned success. We like all our villains either dead or reformed by the final curtain!

Health and Physical Education:

"The Race." Physical Education classes, and especially embryo track teams, will get huge enjoyment out of this track event.

"Junior Doings." Health activities made visual. Are your Juniors going to have some lively pictures of similar activities to send the News?

"Beauty's Bloom." See page four of this Guide for additional references.

"Some Friends of the Baltic." American Juniors help to increase Fitness for Service around the world. This will make an interesting story for Junior rallies or May Day health programs.

Geography and History:

France (Brittany)—"An Everyday Story." A story that pulls at the heart and turns out as stories should. It may serve as an introduction with older pupils to a one-act play which shows a similar tragedy among sea people of Ireland, "Riders to the Sea," by Synge.

Latvia—"Some Friends of the Baltic"; *England*—"Beauty's Bloom"; *California, Virgin Islands*—"Letters About Trees"; *Austria, Hungary, Florida*—"Easter"; *Many Lands*—"How People Greet Each Other in Different Countries"—a merry little act for an auditorium program.

Juniors and Teachers are Associate Editors

All over the world the Junior Red Cross belongs to the pupils, to their schools, and their school leaders. In several countries the opinions of the children have been drawn in as a guide in the selection of material. We do not want to lag behind! We ask your help, as teacher, in taking a vote in your classroom, and filling in answers to the following questions. It will help us more if a separate answer is sent in for each room. Tear off and mail to the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, National Headquarters, Washington, D. C. We shall be greatly obliged to you.

NAME AND ADDRESS OF SCHOOL:

Grade: _____ Average age of pupils: _____ Number of pupils: _____
 (Ask pupils): What have you liked best in the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS this year (September, 1926-April, 1927)? If there is disagreement, write down titles for first, second, third, choice with date of issue.

What was it you liked in that story (article, activity report, etc.)? _____

What did you care for least? Why? _____

Is the News young for your pupils? _____ Old? _____ Right?

Other comments or suggestions of the teacher: _____

Name of Teacher (sign if you care to): _____

Developing Calendar Activities for April

Rounding Out the Rally

SUGGESTIONS for a county rally program are outlined rather definitely on the April page of the Calendar. Perhaps the Junior Chairman will appoint a committee for each part, such as arranging for presentation the Little Folks' reports from various schools, coaching some one to direct the business meeting, planning a program of outdoor games or indoor entertainment, preparing suggestions for World Goodwill Day (May 18).

Because the community rally is still young in the American Junior Red Cross, we are very eager to secure reports and photographs or snapshots. Even if your celebration seems to you to be a simple one, will you not let us have the benefit of knowing about it? This is one way to help us grow!

Garden Activities

A complete course of nature study is outlined in Bureau of Education Bulletin, 1925, No. 15, *Cycles of Garden Life and Plant Life*, a series of projects in nature study for elementary schools; address Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., 25 cents a copy. The outlines include information, activities, lists of art studies, poems, myths, and other collateral material.

World Goodwill

Learning folk games and dances of other countries for May Day festivals is a fruitful goodwill activity, since it is one of the ways in which we learn respect for old-world culture and customs. Several collections of folk dances are listed on page four in connection with the description of May Day festivities. These may be used for a May Day festival, a World Goodwill Day celebration, a county rally feature, or all three.

Two books that show the opportunities we in the United States have to begin at home in understanding world goodwill are: *On New Shores* and *Around the World in New York*, both by Konrad Bercovici, Century Company, New York. The first one describes most interestingly the settlements of immigrants from many lands in various localities throughout our whole United States, and the second describes the many nationalities which have made New York the greatest cosmopolitan city.

Worth-while Team Work

The executive Secretary of the Bridgeport, Connecticut, Red Cross Chapter—Miss A. C. Wenderoth—reports that the Reference Department of the Library system of Bridgeport has agreed to cooperate in all Junior Red Cross projects where material for study of customs and life of foreign countries is involved. This will be valuable educational service not only to the school but to the community at large. The members of the Junior Red Cross are planning to report on particular activities undertaken, for the weekly school page in the newspaper, which is read by the parents and all others who have particular interest in the school system.

Both public and school libraries frequently give assistance not only in this important matter of helping with

reference study of foreign countries but also in clipping and filing the pictures from each year's Junior Red Cross Calendar and keeping complete files of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS.

World Goodwill Among Teachers

It has become a pleasant custom with many of the schools that participate in school correspondence for the teacher or headmaster to send with the pupils' correspondence his own letter of greeting to the teacher to whose class the portfolio will go. This does not take the place of the children's letter of greeting, which remains a requirement, but it does make a worthwhile addition to, and interpretation of, the children's activity in world friendship. Two such letters are quoted below:

"TO THE HEADMASTER AND THE TEACHERS CENTRAL JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL, OGDEN, UTAH:

"As headmaster of the Rottenmann Secondary School, Austria, I feel called upon to thank you for the most interesting and useful correspondence between your pupils and my boys. I have had a part in their pleasure of receiving your most valuable portfolios and have always gladly given them counsel in the choosing and writing and mounting of their return portfolios. I have even made some photos so that the pupils can show the beauty of their city. The importance of this interschool correspondence, I believe, is not only that it brings nearer to them the hearts of far-away comrades whom they try to please in every way (and they often go about thinking what they might do for whole weeks), or that their minds are turned away from the hate of their fellow-creatures whom they learn to love and appreciate. But they occupy themselves for days with the carrying out of one thought. They have to solve many problems and difficulties, into which also their hearts and feelings come. And thus I think the task interschool correspondence puts them to is much more valuable than any other task given by the teachers, however well it may be thought out.

"My pupils wish that their letters should arrive before Christmas. They think that it might brighten the Christmas joy of their Ogden friends. And therefore they have worked with great haste to dispatch their greetings.

"Please accept also my own heartiest wishes and cordial greetings.

JOSEF PFAU,
Director, School Council."

"TO THE PRINCIPAL, COLLEGIATE HIGH SCHOOL, COLESBERG, SOUTH AFRICA:

"This is a very busy Friday afternoon before our Christmas vacation because we are just putting on an operetta, including about 115 participants. Our electric shop has some interesting lighting for stage effects for the Hawaiian scenes. Our auditorium seats about 1,100 persons, and we shall have it crowded for both performances of the operetta.

"However, this letter has to do with a matter of international understanding and exchange of information, and for this I would set aside much more than an operetta.

"We are sending you herewith a few suggestions in the way of an exhibit of what our school is doing. We have been very much interested in doing this, particularly because we have no picture of you or your school in our minds. Thus, it is just an example of dealing with the invisible.

"However, we have a very great desire to learn something, especially visually, of your school and the very interesting work we feel sure that you have in hand. We shall all certainly be delighted to hear from you at your opportunity.

"Fraternally yours for our 1,000 students and 44 teachers and myself.

CHARLES J. FOX,
Principal, Belvedere Junior High School,
Los Angeles, California."

The Junior Red Cross in Smaller Schools

"For Example—"

HERE is a district in Raleigh County, West Virginia, which has 93 schools enrolled in Junior Red Cross. Many of them are rural schools; most of them are very much alive in their Junior Red Cross program. As an example, last Christmas, Mr. Umstadtt, their Chairman, who is the Rural Supervisor for the district, promised that perhaps the pupils could fill about twenty-five Christmas stockings; by the time they had finished, seventy-eight stockings had been filled. The girls of the Junior High School of Beckley, the county seat, where Mrs. George Bright is Junior Chairman, made the stockings, and the children throughout the district filled them. Needless to say, all the school people are cooperating to bring about a well coordinated program—city and county superintendents, principals of junior and senior high schools and of elementary schools, and the grade and subject teachers. Needless also to comment on the spirit thus expressed!

From California

Another striking instance of interest on the part of rural education specialists comes from California where the Commissioner of Elementary Schools, Miss Helen Heffernan, requested articles and news notes from the Junior Red Cross for the *California Exchange Bulletin* in rural education. Writing to Miss Eva D. Edwards, Supervisor of Rural Schools and Chairman of the Junior Red Cross in San Bernardino County, she asked: "Won't you help to make the first issue of this bulletin so valuable to the practical workers in rural education that they will form the habit of giving it immediate attention upon its arrival? May we not have an article on the subject of the work of the Junior Red Cross in the rural schools of San Bernardino County?"

A Thank-You for You!

The April first issue of the *American Red Cross Courier* will carry more than a page of thank-you letters from the countries to which your Juniors sent Christmas boxes. There are to be reprints of the page and we hope that all the children who had a part in this project will have a chance to hear these letters read to them. Ask your Junior Chairman to secure a copy for your school, or, if you have no Junior Chairman, write to National Headquarters for your copy.

Help in Teaching Folk Dances

If you would like a high school pupil to visit your school and teach the children May dances, perhaps your Junior Chairman can make arrangements through the superintendent with a town school. If there is no Junior Chairman, a request of the county superintendent, the city superintendent, or the principal of the high school will probably secure this help for you.

Duplicate Portfolios for Rally Exhibits

The portfolio that you are sending abroad should not be delayed in order to exhibit it at the county rally; for if it is held up the answer also will be delayed, and "you know how children are about waiting!" If, in preparing it, a duplicate is made of each page, you will have a good sample for exhibit which later can be used for some other

purpose, such as display at county teachers' institutes. We, too, will appreciate receiving duplicates at National Headquarters, to show to teachers who study about Junior Red Cross in their summer schools.

Other Examples

At Biddeford Pool, Maine, the pupils made an exceptionally nice portfolio to go abroad. All the grades are in a single room, and there are in all twenty-two children, most of them the sons and daughters of fishermen. Their letters were about their seaside environment and about the occupations of their fathers, many of whom are fishermen, one a lighthouse keeper, etc., etc. The portfolio was so attractive that the school was asked to prepare a duplicate to go to an Indian school in the desert—a school that wanted to learn about life on the Eastern coast.

From Miss Ruth Fitch, teacher in the Sullivan County School, Nordmont, Pennsylvania, came the word: "The letter we received recently from a school in Czechoslovakia, in reply to one sent a few months ago, has awakened in my pupils an interest in the lives of people of other countries, to a degree far beyond my expectation or hopes." Thus are pupils everywhere helping to weave beauty into the tapestry of world friendship.

Goodfellowship in Other Lands

This is a story that your Juniors will enjoy, in planning for their Rally—or anyway. It is a report from Nove Mesto and Metuji, quoted in *Lipa*, the Junior Red Cross Magazine of Czechoslovakia: "There is always plenty of stir in our school yard: we have our workshop there and are making flower stands. We sent ten delegates to the County Congress of the Czechoslovak Junior Red Cross held at Hradec Kralove on the first of July last. Almost the whole district of Nove Mesto is organized in the Junior Red Cross.

"The Red Cross Juniors attending the Czech school at Mukacevo undertook this year their third outing to the Vrchoslavice Highlands of Ruthenia, taking with them even more presents to distribute than in past years. The weather, too, was very kind to us, for although it had rained continuously for several days previously the sun shone out on the fourteenth of June and a breeze cooled our cheeks as they warmed up with the 12 kilometer march from Volovce over hills and dale to the poor village of Podobovec.

"When we had proceeded half an hour on our way we were met by the Podobovec Juniors bearing the Junior Red Cross banner decorated with wild flowers. After the exchange of hearty greetings we proceeded together on our way, and after being joined by the Juniors from Izka and Studene we grew into quite an army with over two hundred sunburnt faces and a murmur like that from a swarm of bees.

"At the Podobovec school we had a rest and distributed gifts to over fifty children—garments, underclothes and toys; and after we had also shared with them our small meal of coffee, rolls and cakes it was time for us to begin our long march back to the station. Our feet by this time had begun to ache, especially as some of us had made both journeys on foot. But when we think of the distress which we saw, and of the joy which shone from the eyes of our little friends at Podobovec, we are determined to work again all year and get ready new gifts for the Podobovec children next year."

Fitness for Service Activities for April

A Milestone

ALL the year round, the Junior Red Cross stresses the value of health for the sake of being more fit for service. In many communities there will be a special celebration of Child Health on Saturday, April 30th, and Sunday, May 1st, with certain features perhaps continuing through the week of May 1st. This is an occasion to summarize the work of the past year and to arouse new interest and make constructive plans for the coming year. We shall be very interested in learning what part the Junior Red Cross takes in these community celebrations.

Material for Child Health Celebrations

Do you know about the "Illustrative Panels on Child Welfare and Red Cross Activities" prepared by the Red Cross Museum? The folder, ARC 1109, lists these with reproductions of each one. "These panels are 30 inches wide and 40 inches long on thick paper backed by muslin. They are hand-painted, varnished and mounted on rollers with tape attachments for hanging. They are indestructible, easily washed and easily transported. Chapters may borrow these panels free of charge for a period of FOUR WEEKS, after which they must be returned to National Headquarters. Panels may also be purchased at \$3.50 each." The Child Welfare panels are the work of Miss Upjohn.

There may be opportunity, if Child Health is made a feature in the Sunday School celebrations, to tell about local, national and international Junior Red Cross Fitness for Service work. It is an inspiring thing to know that ten million children in between forty and fifty countries are all playing the health game. It is particularly thrilling to know that American Juniors have not only been active in their own health program, but that they have expressed their sense of responsibility to help all children, through their National Children's Fund. This assists in countless health projects abroad, like the ones described in the article on Latvia in this number of the News. It makes health education seem infinitely more worthwhile than it would were the motive narrow or selfish.

Materials of interest may be obtained from the American Child Health Association, 370 7th Avenue, New York City. These include, *The May Day Official Poster*, price, 60 cents; three useful lists of references, free on request, on child health posters, on child health slides and films on child health; the "Child's Bill of Rights," single copies free—quantities of 100 for \$1.50; a *Bulletin of Suggestions for May Day Child Health*, containing a statement of the purpose, suggestions for activities, the programs in co-operation of national organizations, and sources of authoritative bulletins, posters, and slides, price, 10 cents; and the *May Day Festival Book*, which contains pageants, plays, tableaus, and suggestions for community celebrations compiled from reports from many States, price, 10 cents.

Beauty's Bloom

In this number of the News is a charming health play which will be beautiful if given out-of-doors, but which lends itself also to simple and effective staging within doors. We hope that very wide use will be made of it and as always we are begging for photographs of the young actors in action.

Music for the Play

"The Shepherd's Hey," suggested for the dance in the play, may be found in *Morris Dance Tunes*, compiled by Cecil J. Sharp, Hubert C. Macilwaine, Publisher, Sets II, V, or X. A description of this along with other dances is also contained in *The Morris Dances* by Josephine Brower. These should be available in city libraries.

It may be feasible as a high school activity to send gifted older pupils, members of physical education classes, into some of the near-by rural schools to help instruct the children in suitable dances for the play, for other May Day festivals, or for a Junior rally. In case the "Shepherd's Hey" is not available, any English country dance will be appropriate. Most little children know "Oats, Peas, Beans and Barley Grow." Other familiar dances or games are: "Looby Loo," "The Green Grass" and "Farmer Lives in the Dell."

Collections which contain music, words, and directions for old English dances and also folk dances of other lands include: *Children's Singing Games, Popular Folk Games and Dances*, both by Mari Ruef Hofer, A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. The second has also suggestions for costumes, if suggestions in addition to those given at the end of the play are needed. *The Festival Book*, by Jennette E. C. Lincoln Barnes, has all kinds of May Pole dances from more than one country, including a milkmaid dance, peasant dance, shepherdess dance, and early English minuet. Several of these might be woven into the play. This book also gives interesting traditions about May Day.

May dances may be found in C. Ward Crampton's *Second Folk Dance Book* and Crampton and Wollaston's *The Song Play Book*, Barnes.

May Day and Music Week

National Music Week is coincident with the May Day Health celebration. The National Bureau for the Advancement of Music, 45 W. 45th Street, New York City, is prepared to supply free one sample copy of a short song service, "A Message of May," either for Sunday School classes or groups who wish to use it as "an embodiment of their interest in child health." In quantities the price will be five cents each. The Music Week committee will also send copies of special Music Week folders, including a *Two-foot Book Shelf on Musical Subjects*.

"Health Story Plays"

All year we have been wanting to find room to mention a set of "Health Story Plays," as they were called, sent in by the Ute Mountain Indian School, Tawaoc, Colorado, last spring. There are several of these outlined for each month. For April there is one called "Visiting a Farm":

1. Drive in pony cart to farm (imitate ponies walking, galloping, trotting).
2. Pump water from well.
3. Climb up ladder into hay loft (lift knees high—reach up hand over hand).
4. Pitch hay down into stalls (stoop to lift heavy fork full each time).
5. Jump in the hay.
6. Take deep breath to smell hay.

weighting them with stones, turning them to the sun and the wind, bringing them out each day anew and taking them in at night. At last the three coatings of oil were dry and the suit was light and tough and waterproof. How they had laughed when Uncle Ives had tried it on, pulling the huge stocking feet of the trousers over his boots! Before he sailed he had asked them what they wished him to bring them from Iceland. They could not say, not knowing what things there might be in Iceland. But Ives had brought walrus teeth to the boys, a sack of eiderdown to grandmother and dolls in quaint native costume to the girls.

Then, just as they thought they had him back again, he had sailed away once more. They had waved goodby to him, watching until the *Jeanot* was a white fleck beyond the islands. And now all that was bright in life seemed to have been dashed to pieces on the black rocks of Biscay.

Michel pushed his way through the gorse, which pricked thickly about him. At the summit of the headland stood a great stone cross, its carvings worn down by centuries of wind and brine. Here women who had waited long for men at sea came to pray. On the step, with his cap pressed to his breast, Michel knelt. His heart was too full to pray in words. Besides, what could he say if God did not already know how much he wanted Uncle Ives back?

After a while Michel stood up and shading his eyes gazed seaward. There where the straits led into the open channel lay the Isle of Breha, and around its point sailed the Paimpol fishing fleet, coming home for the night. As they came nearer Michel could distinguish each by some well known mark, as one can tell a neighbor's cow by a crumpled horn or the white patches on its flanks. There was Raoul's boat with its high curved prow, and Pierre Murdoc's black and green trawler. There was the orange patch on Jean Baptiste's gray sail. But what was that stranger boat with tawny sails and bulky hull larger than the rest? Pricked by curiosity, Michel forgot his grief. If he raced back by the beach, he might reach the wharf as soon as the boats did.

Slipping and crashing down the hillside, he came to the beach and thudded over the sands in his wooden shoes. There was a crowd on the wharf and Michel could see confusedly that sailors were carrying someone on a stretcher from the strange boat.

A cheer went up from the crowd. Dodging under elbows, Michel squirmed his way to the inner circle around the blanket-wrapped form on the stretcher.

"Is it a rescue?" he asked, for such things often happened at Paimpol.

"Hello, old pal," answered a familiar voice. Michel stood speechless! The darkness seemed to fall from him. The world became real again. All his broken courage came back.

"Hello, Uncle Ives," he cried, his voice high with

excitement. "I didn't believe you were dead," and then all at once he knew how terribly afraid he had been. "But grandmother did." His chin quivered and great tears fell on the wharf.

"Look here, Michel," said Uncle Ives softly, "you cut ahead and tell her there's nothing the matter with me but a broken leg."

And so Michel was the swift forerunner of the triumphal procession to the Karadoc cottage.

No one heard a word of Uncle Ives' story that night. Grandmother sent them all to bed earlier than usual and closed the door on eager neighbors. But the next day in the sunny garden, where bees bobbed in



The children had waved goodby to Uncle Ives, watching until the Jeanot was a white fleck beyond the islands

and out of the honeysuckle, they heard of the dark night when the *Jeanot* had gone down in a crash of wind and foam and of how Uncle Ives, clinging to an empty salt keg, had been drawn away from the rocks by the ebbing tide. Next day a sailing boat had picked him up, unconscious and with one leg broken from a blow of which he knew nothing. The fishing boat was bound for Honfleur, but had turned out to bring the wounded boy home.

The *Jeanot* was mourned with many tears. Devoutly Michel and Josef carved a model of her, rigging it with masts and sails. They took it to the little gray church by the sea, where with many others it hangs in the dim shadows of the roof, a thank-offering for the safe return of Uncle Ives.

Letters About Trees

AS Arbor Day comes in April in many of our States, we thought this was a good month to publish some of the letters we have about trees. The first three are from Pasadena, California. In a portfolio sent to Poland, a pupil of the Vocational Elementary School describes a big sequoia. By the way, did you know that this class of trees is named for the famous Cherokee Indian who made an alphabet for his people?

"The General Sherman is the largest tree in the world. It is 35 feet in diameter and is 280 feet high. This tree stands in the Sequoia National Park of California. It is so large that our class could be seated on the stump or thirty people could dance on it. Its bark is red brown and is two feet thick. The tree always stays green. It has cones which are two or three inches long and which are full of seeds."

Another letter in the same portfolio describes one of the strange growths of the California desert country:

"The Joshua tree of California grows for the most part in Mohave Desert. This tree has an average height of twenty or thirty feet. The trunk is from one to three feet in diameter. The trunk does not branch out until after the first flowering. The trees are densely clothed with stiff, spiny, serrate leaves. The leaves point upward. It would prove very uncomfortable to come in contact with a Joshua tree. There is a certain type of bird that builds its nest in the Joshua tree to protect its young."

From the Thomas Jefferson School of Pasadena comes this account of one of the lovely sights of the town:

"Perhaps you have heard about the mile of deodar trees in Pasadena. These dark green deodars are natives of the Himalaya Mountains in India, and were brought here by Mr. Woodbury, a rancher in Altadena. The seeds were given to Mr. Hoag, Mr. Woodbury's foreman, who planted them in 1883. When the trees had grown about two feet tall they were transplanted to a road leading

to Mr. Woodbury's ranch. The road was soon made public and many people came to see the deodars. The trees were soon fully grown so that their branches spread nearly across the avenue. The avenue of deodars is lighted from a week before Christmas to New Year's Day. Suppose we are going on a ride through the rows of deodars then. As we near the grove we catch a glimpse of flashing lights looking very beautiful in the dim twilight. We are soon in the avenue and down the road, as far as the eye can reach, we see sparkling lights which make us feel as if we are in Fairyland. Over one million people visited the trees last year. They have become famous all over the United States."

The George Washington School of St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, sent a portfolio to Washington School at Red Lodge Montana. In it three typical Virgin

Island trees are described. We wish there had been a description of the ink tree as well, because that was the kind used for the Christmas tree for the American children at Christiansted, St. Croix. There are no cedars and pines on the Islands. Miss Helen F. Dunn, the Red Cross nurse in St. Croix, wrote us not long ago: "Christmas Eve we had a tree at the office for the American children—twenty-six of them. It was a real Cruzian tree called the ink tree, which has irregularly shaped leaves, waxy and a little like our holly and with many thorns. Our tree was rather straggly looking, so we got extra branches and tied them on. When we had hung on the decorations and candles it looked pretty and made a very good substitute for a real American Christmas tree." Miss Dunn said, too, that the Christmas boxes you sent to the Virgin Islands last time seemed to her "nicer than ever. There were plenty of nice dolls, which the Cruzian girls of every age love, pretty hair ribbons, jewelry, etc., which make them very happy, very good toys and quantities of pads and pencils, which are a great joy to these children."



Photo by A. Gaskill

Courtesy U. S. Forest Service

The General Sherman is the largest tree in the world

Now for the three trees:

"The gynep is one of the fruit trees of St. Thomas. This tree bears a nice fruit, which is very small, not even one-third as large as the mango. The shell, or covering, of the fruit is of a deep green color. The trunk of the tree is large and brown and has a rough bark. The leaves are a glossy green. The branches are very large and strong. We may eat the fruit raw or it can be cooked with sugar, which gives it a pleasanter taste. This fruit cannot be exported because, like the plum, we cannot depend upon it. It dries up so quickly when once ripe.

"The tamarind is a fruit tree and it is also one of our shade trees. This fruit is small and of a brownish color. It grows inside a shell or husk. The fruit has not such a pleasant taste. When ripe we may eat it raw. When unripe we may cook it with sugar, making an agreeable dish. The trunk of the tamarind tree is very big and its color is whitish brown. The leaves are of a deep green color, small and very smooth. They are used for headaches, being bound on the head and wet with bay rum.

"The sour-sap tree bears a nice, eatable fruit. The bark of the tree is very rough. The leaves are of a deep, green color and are very smooth and glossy when just picked. The fruit is green and when it is ripe we may eat it raw; but when it is not ripe there is no way for us to cook it. This fruit has an oblong shape. It is very popular among us and with strangers visiting our island."

The balite tree, of the Philippine Islands, is a parasite and finally kills off the tree on which it feeds. In a portfolio going from the high school at Vigan, Ilocos Sur, to the Mason School, Newton Center, Massachusetts, Maximino Paris tells the legend about it:

"Long, long years ago the balite tree was a lazy young man. This young man was so lazy that when his father told him to do some work he would go and climb a tree and wait for his father to do it. There in the tree he would go to the largest branch and look down on his father working away very hard. He would stay there until they called him to eat.

"One day when his father had some work to do he called his son to help him, but the lazy fellow ran to climb a tree as usual. The father, being very angry, caught him and tied him to a branch of the tree and

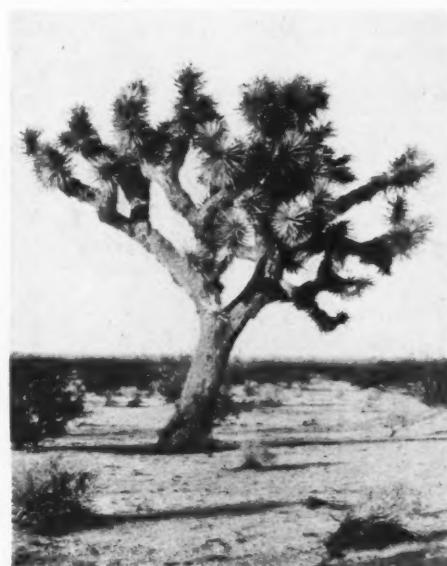


Photo by S. Huber

Courtesy U. S. Forest Service

The Joshua tree sends its roots deep in the ground for moisture. In Spring it bears clusters of white flowers which are pretty to look at, but unpleasant to smell

said, 'There you shall live and get your food from the tree because you are always depending upon it.' The feet of the lazy fellow took root in the branch of the tree and leaves grew on his fingers and body and he became a parasite on the tree and was supported by it. This parasite grew larger and larger until it completely covered the tree that gave it support and at last it sent its root into the ground so that the tree died and gave place to the balite."

A pupil of the Tod Avenue School of Warren, Ohio, tells a school in Stabekk, Norway, about a great tree planter:

"In the year of 1806, a peculiar man, John Chapman, better known as Johnny Appleseed, brought a cargo of appleseeds down the Ohio River. He wanted to plant these for the pioneers.

"He was a deeply religious man and wanted to serve others. He always carried religious books with him and gave them to the people he met. Johnny Appleseed was a lover of nature. He planted seeds because he liked to see trees grow. His nurseries were usually located near a stream. He would build brush fences around the trees to protect them, then he would go somewhere else to plant more trees.

"For years he lived in a rude hut where he would camp, although people were always glad to welcome him into their homes. He wore few clothes and went barefooted most of the time, even when the weather was cold. There were many Indians living here then and they were troublesome, but they never harmed Johnny Appleseed. After forty-five years of service, he died at Fort Wayne, Indiana."



Palm trees overlooking fields of sugar cane, St. Croix, Virgin Islands

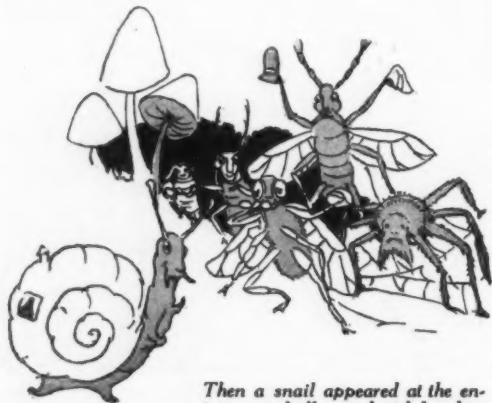


By Lisa Wenger

Illustrations by Helen Chamberlin

A RACE was planned on the large, sunny meadow in the middle of the wood. It was not limited to a short distance, for everybody could do that—run for a short while and then reach the goal half dead. No, one should show perseverance, for that proved real strength. The course was fixed at ten worm miles, which was quite a decent distance. The committee was very busy. The stag-beetle was the president. A forget-me-not was tied to his horns as an emblem of his dignity and so that anybody who wanted to apply to him could see him from afar. The grasshopper was chief usher. He did not take part in the race, for he was beyond competition, and so were the flea and the spring tail and everybody able to fly was of course excluded.

By the day of the race several entrants had registered. Two red ants, a running beetle and a glowworm were to go first. They were standing on the start, a fat plantain guarded by two gold beetles, and were very much excited. A fifth runner in the



Then a snail appeared at the entrance and all roared with laughter

first race was still missing and they were all waiting with impatience and curiosity, for they did not yet know who it was.

Then a snail appeared at the entrance. Slowly it crept along, stopped at the start and said: "I am running too." All roared with laughter. The forget-me-not fell from the stag-beetle's horn, so great was



The running beetle stopped at an inn and called for honey

his amusement that a snail wanted to compete with ants and running beetles. But as the snail insisted on taking part he made the five stand in one line. Great excitement spread among the numerous spectators. The musicians tuned their instruments, the members of the committee took their places on the start to give the signal and the bees, placed along the whole racing line to ring the bell flowers when the racers passed by, flew to their stations.

The signal was given, the trumpeters blew, the bumble bees shot, the audience chirped and hummed and the race was on. Like an arrow the running beetle rushed off; the two ants were running behind him and the glowworm did his utmost not to lose sight of the three ahead. Only the snail crept on quite comfortably. Slowly and quietly she made her way and had hardly left the start when the ringing of



the first bell flower indicated that the running beetle had passed by.

All the others were running and they were sweating hard. They sighed and longed for some drink and for the end of the meadow close to the wood, for there they intended to rest for a while, as this was to be a distance race. Three members of the committee, a gold beetle and two rose beetles, awaited them there to take down exactly how much time each one had needed to reach this first stop. Unquestionably the running beetle was the first. The gentlemen congratulated him and he went to an inn near by under a shady tree called "The Cheap Toadstool." There he sat down, wiped the sweat off his feelers and the dust off his wings with a clover and called for honey.

Soon a tiny, graceful lady-bird, very charming in her little red coat, brought him the honey. He made her sit down and drink with him and they chatted and joked. Meanwhile, the two red ants had arrived almost at the same time. They were almost broken down with the heat and shone brightly as if they had rubbed themselves with bacon. Eagerly they called for honey and the innkeeper of "The Cheap Toadstool" brought two bottles at once.

"Running beetle," they panted, "you ambitious creature, you want to outrun honest people. You have been racing like mad."

The running beetle kept quiet in a noble way, for he knew he was sure to win the prize. "Listen," he said. "I suggest that we wait here for the glowworm. Meanwhile, we may recover and gather new strength for the continuation of our race."

"Well done," screamed the ants, who had emptied one bottle after the other, and were embracing each other and singing jolly songs.

The running beetle went with the lady-bird into the wood, where they sat down under a violet leaf and kissed and caressed one another, forgetting the time, the race, the ants and everything. The innkeeper called for his waitress; then, as she simply did not return, he had to take on an ordinary fly who happened to be available. But she was awkward and not as pretty as the lady-bird. The two ants, who had been drinking honey all the time, liked her nevertheless, and each of them wanted her to sit

down beside him. At last they began to fight and the taller one pulled out the other's leg. But when he saw his comrade lying miserably on the ground, he was full of repentance. He carried the wounded one away, bedded him on the soft grass, sat down beside him and began to cry.

Meanwhile the glowworm had also arrived, had taken some refreshment and was now waiting for the snail, for he had a plan whereby he could reach the goal without any effort. After a long time the snail had not yet arrived and the glowworm wondered whether perhaps something had happened to her on the way and whether it would not be advisable to walk on toward the goal. The evening set in, and still no snail. The members of the committee, the gold beetle and the two rose beetles, had lost patience long ago. They had run back to find out where the snail was and had met her at last half way between the start and the first stop. "Run on to the goal without interruption," they had said. "We do not want to wait on your account until deep into the night."

"There is no need for that," replied the snail. "I have not been running foolishly, so I need not rest."

And slowly she crept on. At last she reached "The Cheap Toadstool," where the glowworm was waiting for her. "Look here, snail," he said, "what a good fellow I am, waiting for you so that you may profit by my lantern. I shall sit down on the top of your house and light the way."



Bees were stationed along the course to ring the bell flowers as the racers passed by

The snail was a good creature, but not very clever. "Many thanks," she said, quite touched. "We shall reach the goal at the same time and divide the prize." But that was not the glowworm's plan. He rather intended to climb down shortly before the goal and then, by running a bit, win the prize for himself.

"But where are the others?" asked the snail.

"The ants are lying in the grass," laughed the glowworm.

"And the running beetle? He has probably reached the goal already?"

"No," said the glowworm. "He went into the wood with the lady-bird and has not returned. They may have lost their way."

"Then let's go on," said the snail boldly. The glowworm climbed to the top of her house, and taking out the *Glowworm's Sport News* began to read by the light of his lantern, while the poor snail was almost wilted with her load. With difficulty, but untiringly, she crept on. From time to time she passed one of the bell flowers and awakened the bee who ought to ring, for it refreshed and delighted her to hear the ringing. Now and then she asked the glowworm whether the

goal was not yet in sight. "Not yet," he answered drowsily. He had stopped reading long ago and sleepily shook back and forth on the snail house. Finally the snail got no answer at all and suddenly she perceived that the glowworm had tumbled down to the ground and there he slept soundly.

The snail crept on. The night passed, the dawn came, the sun arose. The flowers awoke, the bees tried some morning dew and then went to work; the butterflies began their day's business and the lizards caught the sleepy flies. Then the snail passed through the goal. She was victorious. But she had to ring the bell herself, for the judges, who had been waiting for the racers half the night, were asleep; the musicians, who should have welcomed them, were asleep, and the goat-chafers, who should have fired the cannon when the first racer gained the goal, was asleep, too.

When the bell rang they all waked up and when they saw the snail comfortably standing at the goal, they shouted and shot and trumpeted all at the same time. Then they congratulated the snail and solemnly presented her with a golden cup in the form of a lily filled with sweet honey.

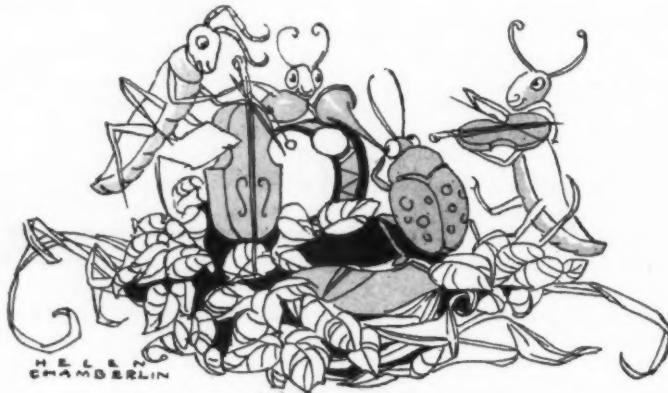
As they were drinking to her and the modest creature was almost overcome at accepting so much honor, the running beetle, one ant and the glowworm, awakened by the noise, came up, the last looking gray and weary and quite furious for he had also lost his lantern.

"Let us con-

gratulate you," said the running beetle, who always knew what was suitable.

And there they all stood in a line in front of the snail, saying, "We congratulate you." But it did not come from their hearts.

This story is from "Frühlicht," Vol. V. Editor, Heinrich Moser, Zürich.
Reprinted from Austrian Junior Red Cross Magazine, June, 1926.



The musicians had to be waked up

Some Friends of the Baltic

IN Latvia war did not end with the Armistice. Fighting and devastation kept on for two years more, and to this day if you went through the country you would see here and there broken chimneys and piled up heaps of stones, where once there were homes and factories and churches. Another effect of the war you would find in the numbers of children living in orphanages, their fathers and mothers gone. And, then, there are other children suffering from tuberculosis, which in many cases they got because during those terrible years there was so little of food and shelter and warm clothing. Latvia has done much for her own recovery, but the American Juniors are still contributing something

for the help of Latvian children, who, as you will see, do a great deal to help themselves.

For instance, there is the Krimulda Sanatorium for children crippled with bone tuberculosis. It stands on a hill above a winding river in a forest of lindens and oaks, all spaced so that the sunshine penetrates everywhere. At one time many clothes were needed for children of the devastated region. Materials were bought with funds from American Juniors and from the Latvian Red Cross. The Latvian Parliament paid an expert cutter so that no material would be wasted. Junior groups from all over the republic asked to be allowed to make the clothes. And the children at Krimulda, some of

them unable to sit up at all, asked for their share and were soon busy on the garments. The Krimulda patients continue their Junior work, and when Miss Benedict, Director of the Division of Junior Red Cross in the League of Red Cross Societies, was there not long ago she saw a room filled with a display of articles the children had made to send to the United States as tokens of appreciation for the treasured Christmas boxes you had sent them. Some of the gifts were made by children who had to be strapped to their beds. There is a Junior Red Cross Circle in the sanatorium and when the little bedridden ones have their meetings the nurses roll the beds together and the conferences go as smoothly as can be.

Some of your National Children's Fund helps the Latvian Red Cross and the local Juniors themselves to supply hot school lunches. Miss Benedict tells about lunch time in the big country school at Ixkile:

"Our visit had been timed to the lunch hour. An appetizing smell greeted us as we entered the kitchen. On the range of stones and brick were big pots of steaming cocoa. By the window stood a trough for handwashing with a very good system by which water was showered down from an overhanging pipe. Such a scurrying and scrubbing! Such a busy application of health laws! In the dining room, with its whitewashed walls, were well scrubbed tables and benches of unfinished white pine, home hewn and home made. In bowls and mugs of cheerful yellow pottery was a smoking porridge of barley and potatoes with crisp bacon chopped up in it."

Part of your Fund has helped keep up the preventorium for tubercular children in the beautiful pine woods by the sea at Asari. A Red Cross representative tells about her visit to it last summer:

"Children and nurses were all on the beach, so we were hustled there at once. Such a sight! Fifteen little naked backs met our eyes. Then over on a sand bluff ten more naked figures were stretched out to the sun. These were boys and the first group were girls. . . . A chorus of voices called out 'Lab dien,' which means 'Good day.' The children were as brown as nuts and as healthy looking as little Indians. The water was warm enough, so that all had had a glorious bath. . . . Little Olga, whom I had sent there in the winter after the death of her mother, is the picture of health. . . . Her brother, Tony, is much improved, too. . . . Before we left they all



The children at the Asari Sanatorium

sang songs and the national hymn, 'God guard Latvia.' . . . I saw the play room which the American Juniors equipped. You remember how bare it was, with only a large, plain table. Well, now two small white tables with little chairs have been supplied. The walls are decorated with a frieze of brown figures of gay-looking children. One side of the room is covered with Junior placards. In winter or on rainy summer days the children play here and make albums for their American friends. When I was there they had just received a portfolio from California and were getting one ready in return."

From the Asari Sanatorium came this nice "thank-you" letter to American Juniors:

FRIENDS:

JANUARY 4, 1927.

"The beautiful Christmas time which we awaited with such impatience reminded us again of you.

"Already a long time ago we began to count the days that still remained before Christmas. At last the time came. We were informed that the Christmas Tree would be lighted. I have no words to express the great joy we all felt. There was no talk besides that about the Christmas Tree.

"The nearer the night approached, the more excited we became. Then came the second happy moment: We all were brought downstairs in a hall much bigger than our dormitory. Many other patients, big and little ones, were there and all looked bright and full of joy. The big Christmas Tree in the middle of the room filled us with respect and joy.

"Before the Christmas Tree was lighted we sang several carols; some of us recited. Then came the 'American Uncle' as Santa Claus. We thought this moment the most beautiful. The big bag became smaller but our joy grew. When the gifts were distributed, there was the greatest possible noise: whistling, shouting, cracking of machine toys and happy cries."

So your Fund starts a sort of endless chain between you and the Latvian children, who in turn, help others through their Junior Red Cross.



Juniors of the Vecgulbene Public School in Latvia, with the foot ball purchased by means of their Junior Circle

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National Officers of the American Red Cross

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From Estonian J. R. C. Magazine

*There's something in the air
That's new and sweet and rare—
A stir of summer things—
A whir as if of wings.*

—Nora Perry

EASTER

AN old Easter custom of the Inn District of Upper Austria is the "grain field prayings." On Easter Sunday the peasant goes around his meadows and fields with his rosary and asks God to preserve his crops from frosts and hail.

From Györ, Hungary, comes a letter telling how the boys always walk down a certain street in the city on Easter Monday and sprinkle perfume on all the girls that come along. In some Hungarian villages the boys fasten green boughs over the doors of the girls' houses on Easter morning. Next day they go to the houses and sprinkle the girls with perfume or water and the girls give them colored eggs. Then boys and girls go to the village inn and dance. Some say that the sprinkling is meant to keep the flower of the house from fading.

As pretty as any custom of Europe was the Easter celebration given by the Juniors of Sarasota, Florida, last April. On Easter morning at sunrise there was

a community service in a park of the city. The Juniors, dressed in white, made up the choir, but everybody in the whole big crowd joined in singing, "Christ the Lord is risen today," "Holy, Holy, Holy," and the Doxology. Accompanying the singing was the music of a Czechoslovakian band.

GREETINGS IN DIFFERENT LANDS

Ancient Greeks, meeting an acquaintance, said: "Kapse"—"Be joyful."

Modern Greeks say: "What do you do?"

Ancient Romans greeted each other by saying: "Vale"—"Be well," or "Be strong."

Ancient Christians said: "Pax vobiscum"—"Peace be with you."

Arabs say: "Salem"—"Peace!"

Ancient Hebrews said the same as the Arabs: "Scialom"—"Peace!"

Persians say: "May your shadow never grow less."

Dutch say: "Go with God, happily!"

English say: "How do you do?"

Russians say: "Zdrastvouytse"—"Be well!"

French say: "Bonjour"—"Good day," or "Comment vous portez-vous?"—"How do you carry yourself?"

Argentines say: "Hasta luego"—"May we meet again."

Italians say: "Buon giorno"—"Good day."

Lithuanians say: "Laba diena"—"Good day," or "Sveikas"—"Be well!"

As you see, people of different nations in most cases wish each other the same thing—health—for this is the greatest blessing which can be wished for in human life.

—From the Lithuanian Junior Red Cross Magazine.

TREE PLANTERS

Maude Wood Henry

Said Frisky the Squirrel: "It quite puzzles me, This fuss humans make about planting a tree; We squirrels grow more trees I'll venture to say Than all the school children set out Arbor Day; We gather up nuts every autumn and then We bury a lot and start nut trees again; Oh, many's the tree that we squirrels have grown From hundreds and thousands of seeds we have sown."

"Ho, ho!" laughed the Wind, "that is bragging enough," And he sent out a fleet of winged seeds at a puff; "While you're digging holes I just start up a breeze And my seed-ships sail off to grow up into trees; Nearly all of the maple and elm trees you see, Girls, boys and squirrels, were started by me; Don't take all the credit is what I want to say." And he whistled a tune as he went on his way.

Then up spoke a Bird who was perched on a limb: "Well, it may be that I am not equal to him And I can not dig holes, Mr. Frisky, like you, But a lot of us birds are good tree-planters, too; Full many a tree-seed I've carried inside Of my beak, which I sowed, as I flew far and wide, In woodland and meadow and on the highway, So don't forget birds when it comes Arbor Day."



BEAUTY'S BLOOM

A Pastoral Comedy in
Two Scenes
by
Margaret B. Cross.

Pictured by
Blanche Green.

CHARACTERS:

MRS. APPLEDOWN, of Appledown Farm
DR. BARNABY, the Court Physician
PHILLIDA, a Shepherdess
CORYDON, a Shepherd

| | | | |
|------|-----------|--------------|-----------|
| MOLL | Milkmaids | Court Ladies | CHLORINDA |
| MEG | | | |
| PRUE | ORIANA | | |
| JOAN | JULIA | | |

SCENE I

The Orchard, Appledown Farm, on a May morning. At back a rustic table and bench. As the curtain rises the Milkmaids enter carrying milking stools wreathed with flowers and leaves and staves adorned with posies. Milkmaid (singing):

Good morning, Missis and Master,
I wish you a happy day,
Please to smell my garland,
Because it's the first of May.

Enter MRS. APPLEDOWN: Good Morrow, Maidens! Milkmaids join hands and dance around her singing:

The first of May is garland day.
Please to remember the first of May!

MRS. A.: Ha'done, ha'done! You make me dizzy. Here's your May-penny. (Gives money to MOLL.)

MOLL (curtsies): Thank'ee kindly, mistress.

MRS. A.: Go along in; Phillida has a cup of milk and a fresh cut loak for 'ee. I warrant you were early abroad.

(*The Milkmaids look slyly at one another.*)

MEG: 'Tis May morning, mistress, an' 'tis a custom.

MRS. A.: And a right good custom, too, an' ye were no true milkmaids if you kept it not. What says the song?

(*She sings, the Milkmaids joining in):*

'Tis dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.

MRS. A.: And I'll e'en believe you've caught a sight of the Good People, for you do all look as white and pink as the daisies. All but Joan, there, and she's nobbut freckled. I doubt she never washed her face in the morning dew?

JOAN (*very rustic*): No, nor never would, if I must leave my bed the sooner.

MILKMAIDS (*teasing her*):

Early to bed and early to rise
Is the way to be healthy, wealthy and wise.

JOAN: 'Tis not much wealth comes your way I'm thinking, for all your May dew and your early rising.

MRS. A.: Wealth's what you make it, maid. There's more true wealth in health than in a miser's money-bags. But in with 'ee, maidens, and take a nuncheon, and then every one to the dairy. But hands washed first, and see the milk cans be well scalded; for milk is a sweet, clean thing and must be cleanly handled or the virtue is out of it. Then to the butter making. 'Twill come hardly this warm weather and there's company to be served.

PRUE: Company, did 'ee say, mistress?

MRS. A.: Aye, maidens, fine company from London.

JOAN: Oi never see Lunnon folk afore, mistress. Oi be terrible shy of Lunnon folk.

MRS. A.: You'll have naught to do wi'un, maid, for they be the Queen's ladies from the King's Court of St. James.

MEG: Why be they coming down along to Appledown?

MRS. A.: Now 'ee be asking more than I can tell 'ee. 'Tis His Majesty's orders an' we must e'en make the best of it. But hasten, there's no time for idle gossip about a farm. And who lives longest will learn most.

JOAN: Will Oi see the Court ladies, mistress?

MRS. A.: You'll see what you will see, Joan Bagginage, and the one that idles will see dry bread

and water to her dinner. Look to it that your butter be firm and the buttermilk washed out of it. And put the King's Crown on every pat to pleasure the Court ladies.

(*The Milkmaids go out chattering excitedly, "Court ladies forsooth, did ever 'ee hear the like, etc."*)
Enter DR. BARNABY.

DR. BARNABY (*to MRS. APPLEDOWN, with a flourish of his hat*): Good morrow, dame.

MRS. A. (*curtseying*): Good morrow to 'ee, sir.

DR. B.: You are Mistress Appledown?

MRS. A.: Of Appledown Farm, an' it please you, sir.

DR. B.: Mistress, I am Dr. Barnaby, the King's physician.

MRS. A.: An' I'm sure, sir, you are a very learned gentleman.

DR. B. (*bows*): I have been esteemed so, in truth. You are expecting, ma'am, certain ladies from the Court of St. James?

MRS. A.: Indeed, sir—though why and wherefore I know not.

DR. B. (*mysteriously*): Dame, you and I have in hand—a conspiracy!

MRS. A. (*indignant*): Indeed, sir, and saving your presence I'll not meddle with any such thing.

DR. B.: Tut, tut, mistress, 'tis all in the way of good counsel. I would have you to know that there has been of late much uneasiness at Court on account of a certain faintness and weariness, of swoons and megrims and—to be plain with you—a sad falling away in health and spirits and in good looks among the fair.

MRS. A.: Indeed, sir! I pray the great sickness be not again come among us?

DR. B.: Nay, nay, mistress, nor is the remedy in the hands of the physician, as they would fain have it who plague me for pills and for potions, for unguents and plasters and decoctions that shall disguise the pallor of a faded cheek or give brightness to dull eyes. Now, were I one of your quack apothecaries I might line my purse a hundred times over by the prescribing of costly remedies. But being an honest man I can but tell them the truth—and they will none of it.

MRS. A.: And if I may make so bold, sir—what is the truth?

DR. B.: The truth, mistress, is these Court madams need that which makes you, if I may presume to say so, a fine buxom creature.

MRS. A.: La, sir!

DR. B.: Nature, ma'am, fresh air, sunlight, sound sleep, wholesome food—this is the medicine they need. But dare I tell them so? They would laugh the honest doctor to scorn and send for the quack physician, who would shake his head and give their vapours a Latin name and their follies a Greek prescription, and take their money and leave them worse than he found them.

MRS. A.: La, sir! Be there indeed such rogues?

DR. B.: Therefore, dame, to beguile them for their own good, and to persuade them to leave awhile the follies of the town and to seek the wholesome influences of nature, I have devised a fable: Telling them that upon these Downs there is found a certain herb known to the Ancients as Beauty's

Bloom which is a cure for their malady, and a certain restorative of the most radiant beauty. And, as folk are very ready to believe marvels rather than the plain truth, these ladies are eager to try so strange a remedy, which, so I have told them, each must find for herself.

MRS. A.: Beauty's Bloom quoth a'; 'tis a simple I never heard of.

DR. B. (*merrily*): I' faith, dame, I warrant 'tis plentiful hereabouts, for as I came by your dairy I beheld a posse of rare beauties.

MRS. A.: 'Tis the Milkmaids, poor wretches, that fare simply and work hard and are early abroad to milk the cows.

DR. B.: And sleep sound and sing at their butter-making and dance on the green grass. Ah, dame, persuade the Queen's ladies to these remedies and I trow Beauty's Bloom will not be far to seek.

MRS. A.: Indeed, sir, I take you for a wag.

DR. B.: Help me, good dame, to this jest and it shall be to your advantage.

(*Enter PHILLIDA crowned with flowers, a staff with a posy in her hand. She goes to DR. B. and sings:*)

The first of May is garland day,
Please to remember the garland—

MRS. A.: Be not so saucy, daughter. 'Tis a fine Court gentleman.

PHIL.: The more reason that he should be generous, ma'am.

DR. B.: A good answer; here's a crown for thy wit and another for thy beauty.

PHIL.: Thank you kindly, gentleman.

DR. B.: Now I must away, for the ladies have reached the village and have left the coach at the inn, your roads hereabouts being none of the best. Being eager to begin their search, they are coming hither over the fields. I pray you, have all in readiness. (*Exit.*)

PHIL.: Is it the Court ladies that are come?

MRS. A.: Indeed it is, and the table not set. Lay aside your finery, daughter, and help me.

PHIL.: But 'twas promised I should go a'maying with Corydon.

MRS. A.: 'Twas never looked for the ladies would be so early afoot.

(*She goes out. Enter CORYDON, his hat and shepherd's crook garlanded.*)

COR.: Good morrow, shepherdess.

PHIL.: Good morrow, gentle Corydon.

COR.: You see I come by the hour.

PHIL.: Indeed I am sorry, Corydon, but I am stayed at home.

COR.: But, Phillida, shall we not go a'maying? You see I have my pipe and you are decked.

PHIL.: Alas, good Corydon, I cannot go. But wait, I pray. In a little it may be, when I have served, my mother she will give me leave.

(*She goes in; CORYDON sits and plays on his pipe. Enter the ladies of St. James, CHLORINDA, DORINDA, ORIANA, and JULIA. They are extravagantly dressed and much made-up.*)

CHLORINDA: Oh, ladies, the savage cows! I am like to swoon for terror! One looked at me! I will run a mile or I will cross a field again!

ORIANA: Nay, but the monstrous stones! I have twisted my ankle a dozen times. (*Sits.*)



Enter the Ladies of St. James?

JULIA: And I am sure scorched. I declare I am as red as fire. Tell me, am I not frightful?

(Enter Dame APPLEDOWN.)

MRS. A.: Your servant, ladies!

DORINDA: We are seeking Appledown Farm, good dame.

MRS. A.: Then you have no farther to go, ladies, and I bid you welcome to my humble duty.

JUL. (seeing CORYDON): Who is this pretty youth?

MRS. A.: 'Tis our shepherd, Corydon, mistress Bestir, Corydon. Where be your manners? Make a leg. (CORYDON bows low to the ladies.)

OR.: Oh, 'tis charming! See, he has a posy in his cap, as it were in a play.

MRS. A.: 'Tis May day, ladies, and a country custom.

CHL.: Good dame, we are tired and hungry.

MRS. A.: I have a meal set within—

JUL.: Nay, but here under the apple trees, 'tis vastly more romantic and the shepherd shall pipe to us.

COR.: At your service, ladies.

CHL.: Set us a table here, good dame.

MRS. A.: An' it please you, mistress; but will you walk within, while the table is preparing, and order your lodgings?

OR.: See you be not gone when we return, shepherd.

JUL.: And here is a May fairing for the pretty youth.

(She gives him a flower. They go out.)

Enter PHILLIDA: Saw you ever the like, Corydon?

COR.: No, faith.

PHIL.: Such silks, such laces!

COR.: Such fine small feet!

PHIL.: Aye, and such fine high heels that madam cannot go a mile and not be foot-sore!

COR.: But, Phillida, their white hands, their slender bodies!

PHIL.: So slender, there's no room for breath in them! Corydon, where got you that rose?

COR. (teasing): 'Tis a keepsake from a fair lady.

PHIL.: Oh, the pert mistress! You had better be going, Corydon. I am stayed, but I do not desire you should lose your Maying.

COR.: Nay, the ladies have bid me stay and pipe to them.

PHIL.: I would not have you mocked, Corydon.

COR.: Mocked? Howso, mocked?

PHIL.: For what other reason should Court ladies desire to hear a shepherd's pipe?

COR. (offended): I have been accounted a good piper by some that have heard me.

(Enter the Milkmaids bringing a table, jugs of milk, bread, butter, eggs and cresses and bacon.)

MOLL: We are to set the table here and order it neatly.

MEG: I have a posy to set it off. (Puts posy in jug.)

PRUE: Nay, Joan, set the eggs on this side.

JOAN (upsetting a jug): There, Oi be all of a quake to think of the fine ladies a'looking at Oi.

PRUE: Faith, they will not look unless thou win them to it by thy foolishness.

MOLL to PRUE: So all is ordered. Shall we fetch our garlands to bid the Court ladies a country welcome?

PHIL.: Prithee do, good Moll. (The Milkmaids go out.) Corydon.

(CORYDON who is playing softly on his pipe pays no heed.)

PHIL.: Nay, Corydon, I did but jest. There is no shepherd on the countryside pipes so sweetly.

COR.: Come, Phillida, let us away. I would not lose our Maying for all the fine ladies in Christendom. But haste, they are coming.

(They run out, hand in hand. Enter the ladies, DR. BARNABY and MRS. APPLEDOWN.)

CHL.: Well, good Doctor, and having brought us so far—

DR. B. (bowing): I am about to leave you.

ALL (horified): To leave us!

MRS. A.: Will it please, you, ladies, be seated?

(They seat themselves.)

OR. (looking round the table): A dish of tea, good dame.

MRS. A. (puzzled): Tea, madam? What is tea?

OR.: Tea, the most elegant, the most agreeable beverage. Tell me not there is no tea!

MRS. A.: Nay, madam.

JUL.: Without tea I die!

DOR.: Or coffee. Serve us some coffee frothed.

MRS. A.: Nay, madam, I have not coffee either, but here is milk.

DOR.: Milk! Insipid!

OR.: Milk, the product of the homely cow!

(Enter the Milkmaids with garlands, singing):

The first of May is garland day,
Please to remember the first of May.

(They go round the table and the ladies give money. The Milkmaids go out.)

CHL.: What have we here? Cheese, butter, farm bread, apples. Have you no spiced cakes, dame, no comfits, or even a dish of marchpane?

MRS. A.: No, madam, the fare is homely, but 'tis wholesome.

JUL.: I cannot eat brown bread. I must have a French roll. Dr. Barnaby, sir, have you brought us hither to starve?

DR. B.: Ladies, this is but part of your regimen. I pray you partake of it.

CHL.: For my part I am so hungry, I could eat hermits' fare.

OR. (drinking): This milk has a pleasant sweetness. There is a fragrance.

DR. B. (mysteriously): Beauty's Bloom!

ALL (starting up): Oh, where?

DR. B.: That, each must find for herself. Ladies, I humbly beg to take my leave.

DOR.: Sir, you will not desert us?

OR.: Dear Doctor, without you I shall die. Even now I feel faint.

MRS. A.: Let me cut your laces, mistress.

OR. (indignant): Madam!

MRS. A.: Nay, dear heart, I would have you breathe freely. Sweet air is sovereign for a palpitation.

DOR.: Sir, we are not well. We need your care, your wisdom.

DR. B.: Ladies, I leave you with one who is wiser than I; only be diligent in your search. The morning hours are, they tell me, the most fortunate for those who seek Beauty's Bloom, and, that you may be early afoot, I engage you to seek your bed betimes. And so, farewell.

SCENE II

Same as Scene I. As the curtain rises the Milkmaids come in singing.

JOAN: Do 'ee think the Court ladies be coming?

MOLL: For sure, Joan Bagginage. They are all for learning our country dances.

MEG: And 'tis no more than truth to say they are apt scholars.

TRUE: There is something too much of gliding and bending in their bearing. 'Tis not yet the right jolly frolic.

JOAN: Do 'ee but mind how 'twas at first? "Stop! I have a stitch," says one. "My ankle!" cries another. "I cannot, I am out of breath! My head spins!" says a third. Sure, but for good manners, I could have burst wi' laughing.

MOLL: Indeed they were then poor sickly creature. Now they be as buxom as thou art, Joan.

MEG: And ladies of great spirit so fain to learn as maybe.

TRUE: And right good helpers in the hayfield.

JOAN (laughing): To see how they did run from the cows!

TRUE: You have an ill mind, Joan Bagginage, to be dwelling of foolishness that is past. Now the Lady Chlorinda milks with the best, and my Lady Julia has a right cool hand with the butter.

(Enter the ladies and CORYDON.)

CHL.: Forgive us, maidens. We are behind our time, but hanging out our new washed laces in the sweet air has kept us.

MOLL: 'Tis no matter, madam. Will it please you dance?

CHL.: Aye, let us set on.

OR.: Shall we dance again the dance we learned of you yesterday?

MOLL: 'Twas "Shepherds' Hey." Pipe to us, shepherd.

(They dance while CORYDON pipes. As they are dancing enter DAME APPLEDOWN.)

MRS. A. (as they pause): Very fleetly footed, and as trippingly as ever I saw.

JUL.: Again, again, let us dance again!

OR.: But change the measure. Let it be "Green-leaves."

DOR.: Or "Gathering Peascod."

MRS. A.: Dance an' you will, ladies, but you must dance alone. Come, maidens, bustle. 'Tis time you were away to the milking.

(The Milkmaids go out.)

OR.: I protest that since I have learnt to dance on the green grass, I do not envy the bird its wings.

CHL.: Let us dance again. Play, shepherd, the tune you played but now.

(CORYDON pipes. They begin to dance, but break off in confusion.)

CHL.: Nay, we have forgotten. Let me see—once more. (They try to recall the dance but cannot do so. Enter PHILLIDA.)

OR.: Here is the shepherdess. She shall teach us. Pray, Phillida, lead us the measure.

PHIL.: Nay, madam, I have not time for dancing. My flocks must be tended. Corydon, you are called for to fold the sheep.

CHL.: He cannot go—he must stay and pipe for us.

JUL.: Stay, Corydon.

COR. (*complacently*): Prithee, Phillida, bid some other youth set about the sheep. These fair ladies desire my company.

(*The ladies laugh.*)

JUL.: Is he not become the perfect courtier?

CHL.: With what an air the creature bows. Surely he could step a minuet with the best.

JUL.: Let us teach him. Give me your hand, shepherd. Nay (*with a flourish*) thus! (*She makes a grand bow—CORYDON copies her.*)

OR.: Come, Julia, you and I will lead out and Corydon shall follow with the shepherdess.

PHIL.: I have work to do. I cannot be dancing all the afternoon. (*Goes out.*)

DOR.: Come, shepherd, take my hand—mark the music—one-two-three and you must step high and disposedly.

(*They dance. Re-enter PHILLIDA with a letter.*)

PHIL.: There is a messenger come from Court. He desires that I should deliver this letter to the Lady Chlorinda without delay.

CHL.: From Court! Quick, child, give it me. (*PHILLIDA gives her the letter.*)

CHL.: Ladies, the Queen bids us return to Court, the Doctor will be here immediately to fetch us. And we are bidden to bring with us Beauty's Bloom.

ALL: Return to Court! Looking such frights!

DOR.: I am sunburnt, as black as a gypsy!

JUL.: And I am freckled!

CHL.: And I cannot wear my high-heeled shoes; they pinch my toes!

JUL.: And I, alas, that I should say it, am grown so fat on cream and country fare I cannot lace my bodice.

CHL.: Indeed, we shall be a sorry spectacle. But there is worse behind. We are bid bring Beauty's Bloom under pain of Her Majesty's high displeasure, and we have not found it.

DOR.: There is still time. These country folk shall help us. Pray, Corydon, where may Beauty's Bloom be found?

COR.: Nay, madam, I am no herb woman, I do not know.

CHL.: Shepherdess, you know all the country hereabouts. Tell us, where may this herb be found?

PHIL.: I know no more than Corydon.

CHL.: I think you are but teasing us. Good shepherdess, I am sorry if we have vexed you. Pray tell us. The good Doctor promised us that we should find the magic herb.

PHIL. (*primly*): Indeed, I heard him say as much.

CHL.: Well?

PHIL.: But, maybe, he did not speak all his mind.

CHL.: I think the girl knows more than she says. Pray tell us, shepherdess, what is there more to know?

PHIL. (*still primly*): I fear, madam, to anger you. CHL.: Anger me? Why?

PHIL.: It is not meet that a poor shepherdess should teach a grand Court lady.

JUL.: I told you it was folly to vex her. She is angry that we kept her shepherd from his duty and will tell us nothing.

CHL. (*impatiently*): Oh, let the shepherd begone, let him mind his sheep, or his goats, or his pigs, for that matter, we do not want him.

PHIL. (*sweetly and mockingly*): The ladies do desire your fair departure, Corydon.

COR. (*with spirit*): And not before I am heartily ready to take it. (*Taking off his hat with a great bow*): I wish you good day, ladies.

JUL. (*mockingly and curtseying*): Good day, Master Turkey Cock!

CHL.: Nay, leave the silly youth alone, whom you would spoil with flattery. Pray, Phillida, speak. I have ever remarked you have a pretty wit.

PHIL.: I do not think you will like my wit or the Doctor's wisdom; for my wit is to tell you that his wisdom judged you had not discretion to be guided by it, but must be beguiled by a tale of magic before you would be persuaded to that course of living that would restore you to health, to days spent in the fresh air, to long hours of sleep, to wholesome fare, to milk, and brown bread, fruit, and the like, and to exercise.

OR.: What, have we been mocked?

CHL.: We had no sense, forsooth. We must be treated like children. We must be deceived for our good!

OR.: The Wretch!

JUL.: Monstrous!

DOR.: Perfidious.

(Enter CORYDON.)

COR.: Your mother bids you come, Phillida. The Doctor is arrived and must be served.

(PHILLIDA goes out.)

CHL.: Dr. Barnaby arrived, indeed. How shall we greet him?

He has affronted us. I will not speak to him.

DOR.: I will not travel with him.

OR.: I will complain to the Queen.

JUL.: Did the shepherd here know we were mocked?

CHL.: Are we the laughing-stock of the countryside? Did you know this cock-and-bull story of a magic herb, Corydon?

COR. (*grinning*): All Appledown knew, madam.

LADIES: Oh, shameful!

COR.: But, ladies, if I may make so bold, I have bethought me of a plan whereby you may put the laugh on the Doctor. Let it appear that his plan has failed. Bear yourselves so that he shall think you in a worse case than when he left you. Hark, he is coming. Step aside and I will tell you my plans.





Dr. B: Approach! Behold!

(*They all go out. Enter DR. BARNABY and DAME APPLEDOWN.*)

DR. B.: Was ever an honest doctor in such a quandary! I am quite out of the Queen's favour, and for why? Because her lap dog must needs die, as indeed I warned her would be the case if she so cockered up the creature with sweetmeats. And she is now full of distrust, and threatens to set up my rival in my place, protesting that not only is her darling dead for lack of skill, but that I have robbed the Court of her favorite ladies out of spite, and wickedness. But if the plot that you and I know of has succeeded, good dame, and I doubt not it has, having faith in Nature and her laws, I look to recover Her Majesty's favour when she again beholds her ladies bright with Beauty's Bloom.

MRS. A.: For that, sir, you may judge for yourself for I see them coming.

(Enter the Ladies. They are languid and melancholy. CHLORINDA walks lamely with two sticks, DORINDA has her face tied up, ORIANA has a shade over one eye and JULIA is muffled in a shawl.)

DR. B.: Good day, ladies, your servant. Why—what is this?

CHL. (*faintly*): Indeed, Doctor, you come not before you are needed. I fear I shall never see my Queen again.

DR. B.: Not see the Queen! Ladies, what is amiss?

DOR.: Alas, Doctor, we are in a sad case!

CHL.: We are, indeed, more ill than we were when you left us.

OR.: We are heartbroken with disappointment!

CHL.: We have sought far and wide for the magic herb; we are worn out with seeking, but we have found nothing.

(*They hide their faces, pretending to cry, but peep slyly at one another laughing.*)

DR. B.: Upon my life! Wha—what—

CHL.: I am so rheumatic that I can scarcely walk!

JUL.: The coarse fare makes me ill!

DOR.: These harsh winds make my head ache!

OR.: This glaring sun, my eyes are sore!

ALL: We have borne it for your sake, Doctor, but we think we shall die.

DR. B.: This is the strangest story I ever heard; unless your wells be poisonous hereabout. This is like to lose me the Queen's favour indeed! Why was I not sent for?

CHL. (*piteously*): Dear Doctor, we trusted you!

DR. B.: Umph! I must know more of this. What are your symptoms? Do you sleep sound?

CHL.: I hardly close my eyes for pain.

DR. B. (*to JULIA*): Have you an appetite?

JUL.: Indeed, Doctor, I am wasting away... I can hardly touch my food.

MRS. A. (*indignantly*): Nay—that I will not stand and listen to. A better trencherman this side of greediness never sat down to my table.

DR. B.: What's this! What's this and what's this!

(*The ladies burst out laughing and throw away their disguises.*) Eh, mischief, mischief! So you would trick the poor old Doctor, would you?

CHL.: You, sir, have tricked us.

DR. B.: 'Twas for your good. Confess, now, you are every one fresh and hearty.

CHL.: Indeed, Doctor, we are.

DR. B.: And when you go back to Court you will make the old Doctor's peace with the Queen?

CHL.: More than that, we will teach others that to be well and merry they must follow your teaching.

DR. B.: We must hasten, or my rival will be secure in my place.

OR.: I am loth to leave sweet Appledown! Shall we not come again, ladies?

DOR.: To see our friends, to wander over the hills, to dance on the grass.

JUL.: One more dance before we go. Call in the maidens. (Enter PHILLIDA.) Where is the shepherd? Sweet Phillida, be not angry that we make an idle lad of him once more.

PHIL. (*smiling*): He shall work the harder when ye are gone.

(Enter the Milkmaids and CORYDON.)

JUL. (to CORYDON): Pipe, shepherd. Phillida gives us leave.

DR. B. (to DAME APPLEDOWN): Dame, you and I will e'en cut a caper with the best of them. We are not yet so old. (*They pair off*.)

COR. (to PHILLIDA): Phillida, if you are not vexed with me—

(*They pair off. All dance.*)

CHL.: Stay! We have forgot one thing. The Queen bids us bring Beauty's Bloom, and we have nothing to content her.

DR. B.: For that, ladies, have no concern. I have provided.

ALL: You have found Beauty's Bloom?

DR. B. (impressively): Approach! Behold!

(He takes a looking glass out of his pocket and holds it up. All press round him to look and fall back in a semicircle, exclaiming.)

ALL: O-o-o-o-h!

DR. B. (center, holding up mirror): Here may all

who have health and good nature behold in rosy cheeks, bright eyes and merry smiles—the flower of Beauty's Bloom.

(Curtain)

This play originally appeared as a supplement to the December, 1926, issue of the *Junior Red Cross Journal*, published by the British Red Cross Society. It is requested that on performance, acknowledgment be made to that Society.

The play can be given without scenery. A curtain back ground is best.

Properties required: A rustic table, benches, garlands, milk-ing stools and the ingredients of a country meal: bread, butter, eggs, cheese, milk, bacon.

Costumes: The Court Ladies should arrange a traveling dress over the costumes worn in SCENE II so that there be no delay in changing. Full-hooded pelisses and extravagant hoods could be worn over Watteau costumes with flowered sacques and plain skirts, or full-gathered skirts and paniers with laced bodice and fichu. In the 1st Scene they are extravagantly rouged, powdered and patched. In the 2nd Scene they have bright natural complexions.

The Doctor wears a Quakerish dress, knee breeches and wide-tailed coat with large pockets.

The Milkmaids have pretty light cotton frocks, with white aprons and fichus, sun bonnets or white "Dutch" caps.

A Maypole dance can be introduced into Scene I and a jig for the Doctor and Mrs. Appledown into Scene II. Folk songs can be sung when the Milkmaids wait on the Ladies and at the beginning of Scene II.

Something Worth Going After

HOW would you like to have a fine Japanese exhibit for your school museum? Here is your chance to get it. How would you like to have an exhibit from your school take a place side by side with exhibits from schools in thirty-odd other countries in the Junior Red Cross Museum in Tokyo, Japan? Here is your chance to put it there.

A letter has gone out from Tokyo to the national headquarters of every one of the countries in which there is a Junior organization. It says that Juniors of the elementary schools of the city have been asked to make up boxes of typical Japanese exhibits, consisting of dolls, pictures showing the country and places of historic interest, drawings and samples of manual training work. These will be sent in exchange to schools that contribute exhibits to their museum. The Japanese Juniors are at work on their exhibits even now and expect to have them ready to send out within two months. They want similar exhibits in return—boxes with dolls, pictures showing the country and places of historic interest, drawings and samples of manual training work. Of course everything in your boxes should be typically American.

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Any elementary school or junior high school enrolled in the American Junior Red Cross may get up a box of exhibits. These must reach National Headquarters of the American Junior Red Cross at Washington not later than July 15th. The best will be sent to Tokyo. The others will become part of the material used by Red Cross representatives in their travels about the United States to show what our Juniors can do. If your box is selected, your school will get a consignment of the work of the Japanese Juniors. Judging from the delightful material that has come from Japan in international school correspondence, we think it will be well worth having.

Wouldn't it be fine to win such an addition to your school museum? And wouldn't it be fine, too, to have your work take its place in the Junior Red Cross Museum at Tokyo beside the best work of elementary schools of Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Germany, Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and all the thirty-eight countries where there are fellow Juniors?

Ask your teacher and your Junior Red Cross Chairman how to take part in this exchange.

The Beaver River School (below) of Shannock, R. I., says: "We started to get ready for Health Day after our Easter vacation. We planned to have a play named "The Strongest Boy in the World," and to make a Health House. We practiced our play in language class and studied our parts in reading class. We worked on the Health House and Health posters in drawing time and during hygiene. The Health House was made of cardboard. The outside was of oatmeal and beets and carrots cut in slices. The roof was of cornflakes. The chimney was a bottle of milk. We had raisins for the foundation, and the doorstep was of ivory soap. A path was made of lima beans and rice and the curtains were of spinach."



These boys (left) took the part of pie faces in the play, "Tommy's Dream," which was published in the December NEWS and which the Davidson School in Augusta, Georgia, gave at Christmas time with a full cast of characters. This school and five others in Augusta have done a great deal of Junior work this winter

The Junior Red Cross of the McKinley School, Paducah, Kentucky, filled in the holes in a new part of the school playground. This picture (right) shows one of the squads at work



First grade pupils of the Harbor Special Schools in Ashtabula, Ohio, who were asked to bring coffee cans and odd saucers from home. These were made by older pupils into flower vases and ash trays, and sent to the veterans in the Portsmouth, Virginia, Naval Hospital



(Above.) The pupils of school No. 4, Pierce County, North Dakota, and their health "film" which was shown at the county fair. A small roll of white wrapping paper was properly measured and spaced by the teacher; the printing was done by a sixth grade girl; the first and fourth grade pupils were kept busy hunting pictures to illustrate each health verse; and after the printing and pasting were finished, a school patron volunteered to make the box

